

Topeka State Journal

An Independent Newspaper.
By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

(Entered July 1, 1878, as second-class matter at the postoffice at Topeka, Kans. under the act of congress.)

VOLUME XXXVIII.....No. 256

Official State Paper.
Official Paper City of Topeka.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily edition, delivered by carrier, 10 cents a week to any part of Topeka or suburbs or at the same rate in any Kansas town where the paper has a carrier system.
By mail, one year, \$1.50
By mail, six months, .80
By mail, three months, .45

TELEPHONES.

Private branch exchange, Call 5550 and ask the State Journal operator for person or department desired.
Topeka State Journal building, 600, 582 and 584 Kansas avenue, corner Eighth.
New York office, 259 Fifth avenue.
Paul Block, manager.
Chicago office, Malheur building, Paul Block, manager.
Boston office, Kresge building, Paul Block, manager.
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FULL LEASED WIRE REPORT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

The State Journal is a member of the Associated Press and receives the full day telegraph report of that great news organization, for the exclusive afternoon publication in Topeka.
The news is received in The State Journal building over wires for this sole purpose.

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Associated Press.
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American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

Most of the natural gas consumers in Kansas have probably already uttered a fervent "Amen" to the observations of Judge Booth of the federal court to the effect that the gas situation is intolerable. And the worst of it all is that public authority in Kansas is largely to blame for this condition of affairs.

Colonel Roosevelt, also, seems to be the recipient of all of the rovingly enthusiastic demonstrations of the presidential campaign.

General Bain, who has departed heretofore of late in such unusual profusion, has undoubtedly saved the Kansas wheat crop of next year for the first time. In fact his visit was most opportune for the wheat growers, much more, it was the case in several sections of the state. But everything is lovely now with the Kansas wheat growers for the time being.

Perhaps it is not going too far to suggest that nearly everybody in Europe is praying for peace with the exception of the war lords and the statesmen who follow in their train. And the probability is that not a few of this gentry, who appear to be as firmly seated in Europe's saddle as they ever were, are in a similar mood, but their foolish pride and personal ambitions will not permit them to act accordingly.

When they got their artillery in position to work out according to the most approved or effective methods of modern warfare, the British operation in the Somme trench took in a few hours a strongly fortified German trench as long as the entire line of conflict at the Battle of Gettysburg.

Nor is the furious and more or less successful fighting of the English and French along the western European battle line of the slightest assistance to the much-battered and rapidly retreating Rumanians. Evidently Rumania, altho she was urged into the war by the Entente allies, is to be left to fight her battles alone, except for the little help that Russia has been able to spare her. And complete annihilation appears to be her portion.

Secretary of War Baker has undoubtedly reached the conclusion by this time that patriotism is not really dead and buried in this country. At any rate, however, he must be accorded the credit of not taking advantage of the statesman's prerogative by insisting that his unhappy refrenes to the officers of the American revolution were garbled, or misconstrued or that he was misguided.

The millennium for which the grain producers have been looking so long has evidently arrived. Some high grade wheat sold for cash in Minneapolis the other day at \$2 a bushel. And on the same day some yellow corn brought \$1 a bushel in the Kansas City markets.

HEROES.

Out in the byways, along the little wooded roads, dwell heroes and heroines who never hear the praise of the pealing bells, who are never thrilled by the shouts of the multitude, says an editorial in the People's Home Journal for November. The country physician risks contagion knowingly, deliberately, smilingly, to serve his brother man. He is not known outside the little valley. There is no world-song for him. A loving-hearted woman in the sparsely settled neighborhood must stand in the place of the trained, experienced nurse. Her unselfish soul takes the responsibility bravely. She willingly gives her best. She never dreams of heroism in the service. There is the man who quietly slips into the swirling waters to save one whom he does not know. The shore is bleak and silent. No encouraging voice cheers him on. No encouraging voice takes notes of the daring deed. Real heroism needs no spur! In an upstairs room sits an invalid mother. The other parts of the house

may be dull and unadorned—that room is gay with flowers. Plain food is served downstairs—the tray carried to that room contains only delicacies. Downstairs there is retrenchment—in that room there is abundance. Outside the door there may be discouragement and tears—inside there are smiles and good cheer. So year after year a daughter puts aside the pleasures which belong to youth. She has dreams, she has ambitions, but the little mother comes first. It has not occurred to her that a line on the honor roll is being kept for her name. Real heroism! It smilingly picks up the burden. It remains calm under ill-treatment. It speaks cheerfully under physical weakness. It sings under failure. It climbs silently and persistently over defeat to victory. The famous heroes, plumed and knighted—how the world honors them! What a magnificent spectacle they make as they march to the jubilant crash of music! But to the by-way heroes, serving faithfully, loving loyally, knowing nothing of recompense, we bring our tribute. A long, gleaming space on the scroll of deathless fame is reserved for this great and goodly company.

QUICKER RETURNS IN SIGHT.

Attention is being called to the fact these days that the double election boards which will work this year in the voting precincts of sufficient size to warrant them, and as provided for by an act of the last legislature, will add considerably to the expense of conducting the forthcoming election in Kansas.

There will be 621 such double election boards scattered thruout the state, with the bulk of them in the larger cities, and it is figured that they will entail an increased election expense of close to \$14,000.

But there is another side to this story, of course, and it tells that these additional election expenditures should be decidedly worth while.

This system of double election boards was devised for the purpose of expediting the count of the votes, a sore need in Kansas these many years.

The delay that has been occasioned in counting the ballots at every general election that has been held in Kansas for years back has been little short of disgraceful. And the election boards have scarcely been to blame for any of it. It has been physically impossible for them, and especially in the voting precincts that have large populations, to work any faster than they have been doing in the matter of counting the votes, in view of the extreme length of the ballots and the number of parties that have columns on them. Then, too, this task of counting the votes followed a long and tiring day's work on the part of the election officials in the conduct of the election.

The results have been that it has been almost impossible for the interested public, let alone the more interested candidates, to get a line on how the voting has gone in this state as a whole, or in any of its divisions, even during the late hours of election night.

Sometimes it has taken a full twenty-four hours and longer after the polls have closed for an election board to complete its count. And often it has been many days after election has passed before the returns from all sections of the state have been assembled and there is definite information as to how the election has gone, and particularly in contests that are close.

At general elections in the past, presidential elections, it has been no unusual thing for Kansas to obtain rather complete information as to how the voting has gone in many other localities of the country, before they have had the slightest idea as to how it has gone at home.

This, assuredly, is a condition of affairs that was in need of being remedied, and it is expected that the double election board system will turn the trick in this direction. The additional election expenses, therefore, that these boards will pile up will be rather trifling in comparison with the advantages that should accrue from them.

METRIC SYSTEM DISCUSSION.

The metric system will not down, says the Iron Trade Review. When the agitation for its adoption in this country seems to be silenced, it is very likely to break out anew, and that is just what is happening at the present time.

Owing to the fact that many American manufacturers during the past two years have become more closely connected with the European nations than ever before and have been compelled in carrying out manufacturing contracts to use the metric system, that standard of weights and measures has become more popular with some sections of the country. This is shown by the results of an inquiry recently reported to date which the Philadelphia Bourse is conducting among large manufacturers and exporting establishments of the Philadelphia district as to the extent to which they are compelled to use the metric system and their attitude toward its general adoption in the United States. Persuad of the replies received by the Bourse does not, however, indicate that there is any general demand, or that any of the manufacturers believe the metric system can be forced upon the American people by congress or treaty. The experience of the two years of increased manufacturing for export does not show much increase in the willingness of employees to learn to use the metric system, but the younger men naturally take more kindly than the older employees to the change and we believe the suggestion which has been made that more attention be paid to

the system in the public schools, and particularly in continuation schools, and technical high schools, is an excellent one.

We are not certain that the Bourse is right when it says that "our system of weights and measures must be all American or all metric" but if the manufacturing of machinery for export is continued after the war to the extent that is hoped, there is bound to be a more extensive use of the metric system and it should receive more attention from the educators of the country. The French units have been legalized by congress and accurate standards have been prepared for distribution. The bureau of standards of the department of commerce is assisting progressive manufacturers in many parts of the country in using the metric system, but it is doubtful whether either congress or any bureau of the government will do any more in this direction unless there is a very strong demand from the manufacturers of the country.

JOURNAL ENTRIES

The people who get more than they deserve are not very numerous.

Wasting time is probably the most popular sport with most people.

A considerable amount of the cheerfulness in this world is feigned.

Nor are there any set formulas by which the problems of life can be solved.

Too many of the victories are not worth the efforts that were necessary to win them.

JAYHAWKER JOTS

Agree with a woman, advises Keith Clevering in his Osawatimie Graphic, and she is half convinced that she was wrong in the first place.

A woman who belongs to a lodge, says the Jamestown Kansas Optimist, is faithfully tempted sometimes when she would like to confide lodge secrets to her close friend who doesn't belong.

Western Kansas has a hen that is so nearly perfect judges refuse to mark her, notes the Winfield Courier, and it adds: But the question is: What's her batting average in the egg league?

Our west, where wheat brings a high price, Democratic orators assert that it is due to the policies of the Wilson administration, says the Baldwin Ledger.

Cost, Democratic orators explain that it is due to the war in Europe. Sunflowers, in the Kansas Industrialist, who has been the old-fashioned girl who dressed warm in winter? The reason why we still suspect that money brings happiness is that we are so sure that poverty does not. It looks as if the pedestrian will soon become extinct. Another section of the Ford and Ford's refuse to believe that anything is impossible in this country.

An anxious wife complains that her husband is a little bit of a dandy. He comes home, but if he only smells of it, it will never hurt him. Chilled and nervous, he accomplishes something, at least. Sewing societies are not allowed in vaudeville any more.

Most of the experts we have heard proposing ways to end the war don't know whether Dada Pest is a patent medicine, a breakfast food or a substitute for gasoline.

A man who starts buying a house and lot on the installment plan lays a heavy burden on his children, and descendants yet unborn.

Some people hate to go to the theater because it breaks up an evening.

There are two mighty peculiar kinds of people in this world. Men and women.

Some sons go to college to get a liberal education, while their fathers stay at home and receive an education in liberality.

Uncles or Aunts? "Which do you like best?" I heard one youngster say to another the other day. "Uncles or aunts?"

"Oh, uncles," said the other. "They give you more pennies and don't try to make you eat." Does that awaken echoes from your childhood?

It does from mine. Uncles and aunts, tho they occupy similar positions on the family tree, are as totally different in flavor as any two relationships could possibly be.

Aunts, as the youngster said, always wanted to know what you were sure they could bring you up much better than your mother, and when I asked her to bring me something, she would say, "Well, I'll bring you something, but you'll have to wait for it." I was a little less attractive than my former aunts. Fortunately, I was a little less attractive than my former aunts.

Each aunt usually had some particular hobby. My memory of one severe old great-aunt is entirely summed up in one phrase, "You love your mother and like your food." Every time I said I loved ice-cream or candy, or new gingerbread, that descended upon me. Poor lady, she was old and dyspeptic, and I suppose my enthusiasm for the things she couldn't eat didn't particularly appeal to her.

Another aunt used to say, "Throw your shoulders back!" every time she would. When I jerked my shoulders forward in a position that must have been a little less attractive than my former aunts. Fortunately, I was a little less attractive than my former aunts.

There is no hope for the man who acts the hypocrite even when he is alone.

A woman who is a has-been beauty is as funny as a man who has lost his hair.

Many a man's love for his club is due to the fact that his wife never gives her tongue a rest.

Give the undertaker the choice of making friends or money and he'll not hesitate more than a second.

Few men have will power enough to do the thing they don't want to do and don't have to, but should do.

Books are desirable companions; when they bore you it is an easy matter, but when they don't bore you it is a hard one.

The truth about some men is never known until after they acquire monumens and then it may not be found true.

Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, but the majority do not want to worry themselves very much about it.

ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By ROY K. MOULTON.

The Real Forum.

The nation's great problems are settled at last.

Over the back yard fence. And mighty news items are flippantly passed.

Over the back yard fence. They peddle the rumors and pass the reports. They argue religion and music and sports. Over the back yard fence.

There is no appeal from decisions they make.

Over the back yard fence. They argue the case just for argume's sake.

Over the back yard fence. This one is in session both morning and night.

Over the back yard fence. And time counts for burning until they're a sight.

Over the back yard fence. They rake the whole neighborhood with a fine comb.

Over the back yard fence. They tell of the skeletons in every home.

Over the back yard fence. And the centuries, too, unless histories lie.

Over the back yard fence. And until the millennium gospel will fly.

Over the back yard fence.

Uncle Abner.

Mrs. Anse Judson says she is sure if all the women in this country would go bareheaded, business conditions would be a good deal better.

She never asked her husband for a new hat yet, but he told her that since she was the worst dressed in his life and the whole blame situation was going to smash in about four minutes.

It seems as tho somebody could write a show where the hero don't get rich in the last act.

If there is anything that makes a fellow feel that he is growing old fast, it is one of them big calendars that show only one date at a time. Every time he looks at it he has to yank off about five days to catch up.

Grandma usually begins to knit yarn mittens and wristlets, which is a sure indication of a long, hard winter.

There ain't nobody in this world who is wiser than the postmaster in a small town, unless it is the telegraph operator.

There ain't no vacation that lasts as long as it order.

Every fellow's kid is the greatest kid that was ever born, and if you don't believe it, ask him.

The best way I know of to die poor is to sit involved in a lawsuit over a line fence.

There is only one thing that is harder than shavin' the back of your neck, and that is to disengage a pair of sticky dypaper from the bosom of yer trousers.

Everything is divided equally in this world. The rich man has the twins and the poor man has the six twins.

You can always tell a suffragist, but you can't tell her very much.

One thing we would like to know is where they get enough state peanuts to last thru an entire circus season.

Since we are so sure that poverty does not, it looks as if the pedestrian will soon become extinct. Another section of the Ford and Ford's refuse to believe that anything is impossible in this country.

An anxious wife complains that her husband is a little bit of a dandy. He comes home, but if he only smells of it, it will never hurt him. Chilled and nervous, he accomplishes something, at least. Sewing societies are not allowed in vaudeville any more.

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MY LADY.

My lady I would love to speak of glowing roses on your cheek, of softly-fanned lips, of blue eyes, of soft, dimpled chin (but hush! the girl will stay my pen a while). Perhaps pale faces are the style).

My Lady, I would love to tell of graceful folds which suit you well, of ruffles bright which softly swish, of satins lighter than a wish— (but yet perhaps I'd better wait, I haven't seen the fashion plate).

—A. Ware in Judge.

EVENING STORY

The Newlyweds' Tragedy.

(By Louise Oliver.)

Every evening at 5:30 when Bob turned the corner from the station his eyes eagerly sought the veranda of his four-months' old bungalow upon which Clara, his four months' old bride, just as eagerly waited his return. Never yet from showery April until scorching July had she failed to meet her adoring husband, and it was with vague misgivings that he saw no sign of his pretty little wife behind the petunia-filled veranda boxes one sweltering evening when he came home from town.

Just inside the screen door, however, as he came nearer, he caught a glimpse of a checked apron and, behind it, Clara.

"What's up?" he demanded anxiously. For this was a variant from the dainty frocks she was accustomed to wear.

"Lizzie's gone!"

"Well, did you ever?"

"And I burned the steak!" Proof of the fact was strong in the atmosphere of the hall.

"And the mayonnaise won't get stiff and the asparagus won't get soft and—and everything's spoiled," Clara sobbed hysterically.

"Oh, pull her out, tender little head to his breast. 'It's all right, little maid, don't you care! We'll throw the old stuff out. Let's make some tomato and have a sandwich.'"

"What's wrong with Lizzie?"

"I don't know. Somebody sick or dead or something. I was out and when I got back she was gone. Left a note and said she'd be back in five minutes."

"Rotten luck! Well, I'll try to get somebody tomorrow. We'll both get dressed and then we'll get our picnic together."

"Robby, dear, you're an angel. I was afraid you'd be cross because I spoiled the things."

"Never! declared Robby fervently. And so closed the first chapter of the Brixton tragedy.

That night, or rather at 2 a. m. next morning, Clara shook Bob. "Robby, Robby, wake up! Oh, please, Robby, wake up! There's somebody—down stairs. I hear them walking."

"Oh, I hear them walking. Just hear husband things." And then he turned over.

"Clara shook him determinedly. 'Bob, I hear them walking. What did I tell you?' For this time something rattled in the lower regions and Bob sat up in bed.

"I think I saw a shadow on the back veranda," whispered Clara. "Some one pushed it."

"Oh, when her better half was out of bed and heading for the stairs with an electric flash and an automatic gun, she began to plead for him not to go."

"You'll get killed, dearie, Oh, please don't go. Let them take the forks and spoons. 'Oh, please, stay here!'"

And so, according to the walls and ceilings enough to make a regiment nervous, Bob descended the stairs and read: "The disagreement came between Dan and Molly O'Grady, in which the latter charges desertion and both are trying to get custody of two boys, Alderman McManus decided that for the time being the children should stay where they are."

End of chapter three.

They couldn't get a girl and Clara got sick. Bob had to stay home from the office two days and got no sleep nights.

That takes us up to chapter ten. But one long-to-be-remembered day, Lizzie came limping in. Never was a sight so beautiful to the newlywed's eyes. And with Lizzie came the welcome news that Molly was to get the "kids."

Bob's vacation began next day and he and Clara stole away to the seashore for a second honeymoon.

"The next time you hear burglars, dearie," teased Bob, "don't wake me up. Let them take the whole house with us in it."

"Indeed I shall, Robby," smiled Clara. "But, a little wishfully. 'They were cute little darlings.'"

And this ended the book. (Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

DINNER STORIES

The nervous man had an unconquerable dread of fire. Even when he went to bed he carried a candle with a hook on the end to facilitate his escape in case of fire. In one of his summer trips the proprietor of a small country hotel happened to come into the nervous guest's bedroom just as he was unpacking. The proprietor's eyes lighted on the rope.

"What is that?" he asked, suspiciously.

"That is a fire escape," the nervous man said. "I always have it with me so that in case of fire I can let myself down to the middle where the dam is highest. Policeman Billy and Graytail, from their shelter by the log, called out: 'What a stupid I am!'"

"What a stupid I am!" thought Father Beaver suddenly. "What would I do if they had sent heavy machinery here? Could I carry it down to the Creek? I could not. They've answered my wish down at the Creek where I need the answer. I tell you Father Beaver didn't lose much time after that! He scampered right straight down to the Creek even if it was raining so hard he could hardly see where to go."

But when he got down there—nothing was there! Just the Creek and the dam and the raft stuck out to the middle where the dam was highest. Policeman Billy and Graytail, from their shelter by the log, called out: "What a stupid I am!"

"Did you wish?" they asked. "Why didn't you wish?"

"I wish," demanded Father Beaver as he furled the raindrops out of his eyes. "Don't talk to me any more about your magic wishes! There's no such thing as magic wishes. I've been fooled twice and that's just once too many times. I'll never again make a wish—so!"

"No, you don't be rash, Father Beaver," said Policeman Billy. "never is a long time. I am careful about making wishes. I'll never do it again. The thing I think I will never do, is the very thing I do do. But it is funny about that wish. I've been thoughtfully. 'I was sure you would get an answer to that one. Maybe the

AREN'T WE GLAD WE'RE NOT OVER IN THE UNITED STATES

